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The College Greetings



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PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Illinois Woman's College. 1914.

The College Greetings

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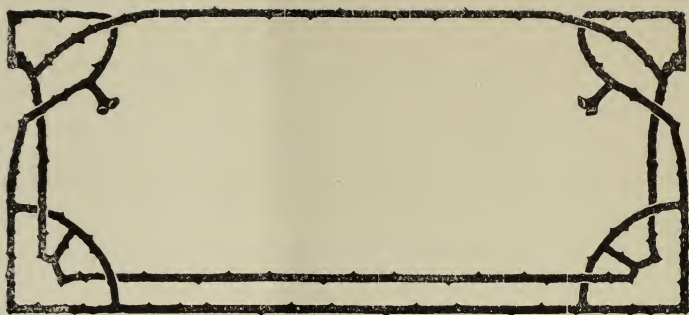
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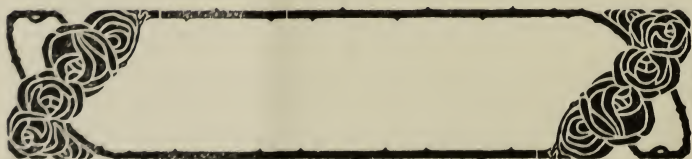
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THE
GRAPHIC ARTS
CONCERN



"Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse: and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day--"
—Keble



The College Greetings

Vol. XVIII

Jacksonville, Ill., November, 1914

No. 2

FACULTY ADVISOR—Miss Mary Anderson.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—Helena Munson.

ASSOCIATE AND ALUMNAE EDITOR—Winifred Burmeister.

ASSISTANT EDITORS—Helen McGhee, Elaine Buhrman.

BUSINESS MANAGER—Audrey Berryman.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS—Alma Harmel, Mary Harrison.

As the first weeks of school are passing into the first months and most of us find that this is a place for work, we must realize that time is valuable as such. As Dr. Harker has told us, we have paid for the time that we spend here and it is up to us to get all we can from it. A high standard has been set before us in the classroom and by some means, even tho it may necessitate rising early in the mornings, we are forcing ourselves to measure up to this standard. However, the broadest college life does not consist in making good grades alone. Nor does it consist of just a leisurely good time. The ideal college woman is she who does her classroom work well, enters into college activities and is ready for the jolly good time when it comes.

In order to reach this ideal, we must learn to value time. Concentration is the greatest of all virtues in studying. If we can study in spite of surroundings, we need not miss our class party or have to waken others with a clanging alarm clock. On the other hand, we need to learn to make the most of the time spent in having a good time. I have seen girls who thought they were having a good time because they were making a noise. If these girls had directed the same amount of energy in some purposeful way, for instance in a lively basketball game,



we should not have to have so many student government rules, we would have a livelier college, and those girls would find more real pleasure and at the same time would be in fact "making good."

We desire to make an explanation for an oversight in editing the last issue of the paper. The president of the Athletic Association, in her article showed in a very enthusiastic way how the girls might make the most of their Mondays. It was her thought that, since so much money is spent for "eats," some should go for open air sports as well. Because the Peacock Inn is a favorite place where the girls go for such things, she mentioned it instead of making a general statement. It was not her intention to advise the girls not to go to this one place. Because the editorial staff so well understood the spirit in which it was written, they failed to see the business man's point of view. We did not intend to discriminate in any way and the Greetings urges the girls to patronize the Peacock Inn because of their courteous treatment and as one of its advertisers.



THE MATANZAS PAGE OF A MEMORY BOOK.

Yes, daughter, that's the Lake Matanzas section you're looking at now. Where and what was it? Well, I'll start in at the beginning. It was a lake about fifty miles from Jacksonville to which the upper classmen were allowed to go on a camping trip. Long before the event came off, that was all you could hear about in the halls or at the table. Every place you went you heard "Matanzas," until the poor people who couldn't go had to hold their ears.

Do you see that grocery bill on that page? That was the result of much thot and planning. You think forty-two loaves of bread a lot? Well, I wonder what you would have said to four dozen loaves when there were five less people? I should say we did have good eats.



Nothing ever tasted quite as good as that beefsteak smothered in onions or those caramelized sweet potatoes and fried chicken Sunday noon. But the peeling and slicing the onions is quite a different matter. Only one can of tomato soup for twenty-nine people! Well, mistakes will happen, but that was supposed to be for tomato welsh rarebit.

This is a picture that was taken just before the train pulled out. Why is that girl talking so earnestly to the brakeman? Because the train was nearly ready to leave and a sack with something inside that looked like a jug which might have contained gasoline was still reposing beside of the station. Was it put on? No, as we pulled out everyone's eyes were fastened on that as if by mental power they might be able to bring it with them, for we were wondering how we could cook for twenty-nine.

That? Oh, that's the station at Lake Matanzas. All those trunks and suit-cases? Why, you know that it might have been cold and we all had to take plenty to keep us warm. Yes, it was all piled into that one wagon. Of course it took some figuring to do it, but after the man was shown once it was all that was necessary.

The next picture was taken along the road going to Lake Matanzas. On the edge of the picture is pasted what is known as a Matanzas sandburr, a special variety, with extra long stickers. They account for all the queer positions shown in the picture.

This is the Oak Lodge cottage. No doubt it doesn't look as if it could hold twenty-nine people, but it did for everything but sleeping. The other cottage is the Douglas cottage, where nine people stayed who didn't mind being kept awake at nights.

Yes, isn't the lake pretty, with the big trees along the side and the boats filled with girls out on the water? But something that was even prettier was the moonlight on the lake at night, just as the moon came above the tops of the trees.



This next picture is rather indistinct because it was taken around the big campfire in the evening, as the popcorn was being passed. Such jolly, good times as we had singing, talking and telling stories.

The next is a picture of several girls just ready to go off for a long walk. Oh yes, we were far enough advanced in the idea of freedom of womanhood so that we wore bloomers. But it was more because the boats leaked so that our skirts were always wet around the bottom than any idea of a declaration of independence that we wore them.

This picture was taken just as dinner was put on the table Sunday. But how we ever waited to have a picture taken after we saw that big platter of chicken is more than I can see. My, but didn't it taste good. Nothing quite like a long row and a walk to make things taste like "the good eats we have at home."

This is a picture of Miss Anderson sitting by her favorite tree, looking out on the lake. Here is another picture of her with the wind blowing her hair, which usually looked as if the wind never had touched it.

These are some of the pictures taken while four of the bravest were trying the water of Lake Matanzas to see if it was wet. From the squeals and gasps that were heard, I guess it was not only wet, but a little chilly also. They were able to keep themselves warm by trying to keep their feet off the "itchy" bottom.

Oh, that's a picture of a jungle that was supposed to contain pecan trees somewhere within its depths. If it did, we are not able to say where, because all the pecans we might have found would not have repaid us for going any further into that jungle.

We had fish Monday noon for dinner, and such quantities! Platterful after platterful was brought on, which seemed to disappear as if by magic. Was it caught by the girls who woke everyone up so early in the morning?



I'm afraid that poor little fish would have been lost in such a multitude.

No one really felt as if it were nearly time to leave until everyone started to pack and clean the cottages. Others were hunting for their summer wraps for which there had been so little use. This is a boatful going out for a last row. Do you see their long faces? It did seem rather a doleful matter when you think that it was the last time many of us would ever be there.

It was a much quieter company that got on the train than had gotten off, but that didn't last long. The car was soon ringing to the good old I. W. C. songs. What wouldn't I give now to hear, "U rah rah, our dear I. W. C." sung the way it was that night!

Winifred Burmeister, '15.



MATANZAS JOKES.

Mary H.—"I want to put on my middy, but there isn't any place to put it on."

Irene C.—"I think bloomers are awful, dirty white stockings are worse, but Feril's hat is superlative."

Helen D.—"Anybody might think by looking at my mosquito bites that I am developing muscle."

Ruth P.—"I have lost the dishrag. If I could see it I would know where I put it."

B. W.—"What kind of nationality are these burrs?"

R. W.—"Southern Europe—Spanish needles."

Some new words that were coined at Lake Matanzas are: "Wuzzy," meaning fudge, and "ishy," meaning the bottom of the lake.

Ruth Patton was "wrong side out under the boat."

Margaret C. (out in the boat listening to the echoes) —"Oh, listen to our shadows."

It was said that there were oceans of water in the bottom of one boat.



Winifred B.—“The coffee tasted undone.”

Helen D.—“Here, take my camera.”

L.H.—“Where shall I put it?”

H. D.—“In the Greetings.”

Margaret C.—“The only Latin words I know are ‘Wie gehts?’”

Ruth P.—“I wish my feet were not so ungainly.”

F. H. and M. H. (coming in from lake in a boat which they had paddled canoe fashion.)

F. H.—“We have named our canoe ‘The C. S.’”

M. H.—“‘S. C.’—Christian Science canoe, because you think you have one and you ain’t.”

By reason of there being two Miss Andersons and two Mary Louises in the party they were spoken of as Miss Anderson collectively, and Mary Louise collectively, or the Mary Louisae.

We wonder what prejudice Ruth Want has against Ethel Glaspie that would warrant her in throwing her wash water in Ethel’s hat?

R. P.—“Say, Miss Anderson.”

Miss J. Anderson looks up inquiringly.

Ruth—“Oh, Miss Anderson—collectively.”

Miss Anderson—“Well, what is it, Ruth?”

Ruth—“Oh, well, I started to speak to you and then thot it would be more polite to include Miss Anderson, and —well—

Miss M. A.—“But what did you want?”

Ruth—“Oh, I’m so pressed now I don’t remember what I was going to say.”

R. P. to Miss Jo Anderson—“When I know where one Miss Anderson is, it’s always the other one I want.”



STARTING FOR DREAMLAND.

Time—Saturday night (the first night), October 3, 1914.

Place—Lake Matanzas, at "The Cove."

Dramatic Personae—Helen, Feril, Irene, Winifred, Audrey, Josephine and "The Mary Louisae."

Scene—Enclosed porch of the cottage, lighted only by beautiful moonlight. On the floor are spread four mattresses, which are occupied as follows:

No. 1—Barbara and Helen.

No. 2—Feril and Irene.

No. 3—Winifred.

No. 4—"The Mary Louisae."

Audrey and Josephine are inside the cottage at the opening of the story.

Irene—"I'm hungry. Where are those eats?"

Helen—"Go get those cookies and cheese straws out of my suit case."

Barbara—"And that bottle of olives on the cook stove."

Irene—"All right. Anyone want anything else?"
(Exits into house.)

M. L. P.—"Feril, I thought you said you had a box of chocolates."

Feril—"I did. It's in my suit case."

The M. L.'s—"Can't we have some?"

Feril (resignedly)—"Oh, I suppose so."

The M. L.s—"Oh, Irene, Feril said to bring her chocolates out of her suit case."

Barbara—"And don't forget the olives."

Helen—"Nor the cheese straws."

Winifred—"And please bring me a drink of water."

Irene—"Is there anything else?"

Feril—"Nothing, dear, only don't knock over anything more than you can help. My glasses are around there somewhere."



Irene—"I fear I came perilously near to breaking something when I knocked over that last suit case. Hope it wasn't anything valuable."

M. L. P.—"Well, I suppose it was mine, and I suppose that that jelly glass suffered. I always get all banged up up here."

Feril—"Remember how her suit case fell off last year?"

Audrey (from inside the house)—"Yes, and how we rode the wagon and tried to hold them all on?"

M. L. P.—"It looked as if it had been held on."

(Irene appears in the doorway with the various eatables, which she passes to each of the company. Audrey and Jo come out and sit on Helen and Barbara's bed. For a few minutes comparative quiet reigned. Then):

Winifred—"Oh, these awful curlers! I can't put my head in a comfortable position at all."

(Groans of assent all over the porch.)

Feril—"Don't you wish your hair were naturally curly, Miss Winnie?"

Helen (crossly)—"Oh, go to sleep."

Feril—"Don't be cross, Helen."

Irene—"Jo, you and Audrey had better bring out your mattress and join the crowd."

Audrey—"Let's do. I'm afraid we'll miss something if we don't."

Jo—"Well, don't anybody say a word till we get back." (Exit Jo and Audrey.)

Helen—"Nobody's going to talk. Everyone's going to sleep."

(Enter Jo and Audrey, with their mattresses).

Winifred—"Oh, dear, will I have to move over?"

The M. L's—"Well, don't come over here."

Feril—"And don't get near this bed."

Jo—"Oh, shut up, everybody, and help us."



M. L. W.—“Well, don’t shake out your sheets on us. If you’ve got so much sand, pass it around to others. We don’t want a sand bath.”

(Irene gives a long sigh and a groan.)—

Helen—“I do wish you’d get settled sometime and go to sleep.”

M. L. P.—“I didn’t know that our main object in coming to Matanzas was to sleep—we can do that at home.”

Feril—“I should say so.”

Audrey—“Let’s sing some ‘Sleep, Kentucky Babe.’”

(Feril, Audrey, Jo and Barbara sing. At close of song, Helen remarks, sarcastically) ;

“What a nightmare! You might at least have mercy on ‘Ship Ahoy’ even if you haven’t any on us.”

Audrey—“Oh, get over it. Wake up.”

M. L. W.—“Cheer up—and see what’s coming next.”

Feril starts singing, “There is a tavern in the town.” All but Helen and Irene join in.

Irene—“Oh, I’m so thirsty. Won’t somebody get me a drink. Barbara, you’re a Sophomore—get up, please, and bring us a whole bucket of water.”

(Barbara arises, with a sigh, and exits into house.)

M. L. W. (whispers)—“Hope they forget I’m one, too.”

(Everybody quiets down after Barbara has given all a drink.)

Feril—“Well, goodnight, all.”

Chorus—“Goodnight.”

Winifred—“I’m not a bit sleepy, tho.”

M. L. P.—“I never am—at night—if there is anything going on.”

(Feril starts singing a German song, after which Audrey is inspired to give another.)

Helen (very much annoyed)—“Have you any idea what time it is getting to be?”



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Chorus—"About twelve—or maybe one."

Helen—"It's nearly three. I know I'll never get to sleep, for it takes me two hours to compose myself."

(Gales of laughter and various puns of word "compose" proposed.)

Audrey—"Now, Helen, if you don't like our company, you can go up to Oak Lodge and crawl in with somebody."

M. L. W.—"This is no place for a nervous woman."

M. L. P.—"Oh, let's all of us go up to Oak Lodge and serenade them."

Helen—"Well go, if you want to—and let us sensible people go to sleep."

M. L. P.—"Now, Helen, you might as well get over it and stop showing off that beautiful disposition of yours. We're here for fun, and we only have two days and two nights, so let's make the most of it."

Feril—"That's what I say."

Helen—"Well, if I were some people I'd go jump in the lake, or something."

Winifred—"Oh, get over it, all of you, and let's not fuss. Tomorrow—or I guess it's today, to be exact—is The Day of Peace."

M. L. W.—"Sure peaceful here!"

Barbara—"Oh, let's do go to sleep."

Audrey—"Where have you been this last half hour?"

Barbara—"Trying to sleep, but it's impossible."

(Irene sighs and groans again.)

Feril—"Poor child—does it want anything, bless its heart!"

Irene (expressively)—"Oh, no."

Helen (cuttingly)—"Oh, no—just let everybody enjoy themselves. We'll suffer in silence from now on."

(Laughter again.)

Feril—"Goodnight, Helen, goodnight all—be composed, fair Helen."

Helen—"Of course you want the last word!"

Silence at last.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



SUNRISE ON "THE HILLS."

There is, in a small section of my country, a long stretch of rolling prairie land that is locally known as "The Hills." I had always experienced a keen desire to watch from their vantage point the sunrise. Truly they were wonderful at any hour of the day, but somehow I fancied that at the dawn in the glorious autumn time they would be possessed of even greater splendor.

Upon reaching the summit of the larger hill of the range, I was impressed with the feeling of an intruder, who had been admitted into that strange gray country by mistake, and that even the slightest sound would greatly interrupt the mysterious silence. There seemed but one assurance that the sun ever lived in that vast gray land—the fragrance of wild crabapples which came floating up from the misty valley below filling the air with a spicy tang. The faint gray outline of the horizon deepened; the perceptible brightening announced that dawn was rapidly approaching. "The Hills" took on a purplish tinge, the eastern sky was streaked with irregular bands of crimson and purple. A slight breeze stirred the tall aftermath of prairie grasses about me and playfully chased the mists down the hillsides, revealing the beauties of the maples in their autumn garments of red and gold. The sun was partially in view, not dazzling to the eye as yet, but glorious to look upon. The mists, in seeming fear of so mighty a power, scurried away out of sight; new beauties and old landmarks were disclosed on the slopes and distant landscape, for the sun had risen on "The Hills."

Lavina Jones, '18.

There have been picnics galore this month. Many a "table" has decided to enjoy the freshness of the morning air. The Faculty have been noted for the kinds of fires they build.



A NEW GIRL'S DIARY.

Monday, Sept. 14, 5 a. m.

Well, this surely is lovely weather for starting to school. First rain we've had for three months, and then to think it had to come just in time to spoil my new hat. It just matches my feelings, but that is small consolation these days, when everything is contrasts.

7:00 a. m.—That is an interesting looking girl across the aisle from me. I wonder if she could be going to Jacksonville, too. But then, if she is, she will probably turn out to be an old girl, who would think me fresh for speaking to her.

8:30 a. m.—I didn't have to make first advances to her, after all, for when she had finished her magazine story, she looked around, and seeming to spot me as a new college girl, began to be friendly right away. She must be a senior, she's so dignified and seems to know so much.

11:30 a. m.—And now we are actually coming into Jacksonville. Irene (that's my new friend) says that is the school for the blind that we can see over the tree tops, and that it is quite close to the Woman's College, only she says we call it I. W. C. I'm so excited.

12:00 m.—I wish I were back home. I know people there, too. Here everybody seems to know everybody else, but I don't know anyone. It was awfully nice of the Y. W. C. A. girls to meet us at the train, though. I almost fell off the steps right into the arms of one, and she brought me here, introduced me to the dean, and showed me up to my room. It's an awfully bare, queer looking place. No curtains, no rocking chairs, and just the bare mattress on the bed. I wish my roommate would come so we could get fixed up. There's a bell. I wonder what it's for.

4:00 p. m.—Well, I will say this, they give us good things to eat here. After we got up from lunch I thought I would look around a little. The Y. W. C. A. girls had



an information bureau downstairs in the front hall, so I went down there and asked if we were allowed to go to church on Sundays. I thought the girl at the desk looked at me rather funny, but she said, "Yes, certainly. Any church you want to." I didn't see any harm in asking for I have heard that in some schools they have church right in the same building.

9:00 p. m.—My roommate has come! What a lame sentence for such a wonderful fact.

Tuesday, 9:00 a. m.

I thought sure the school must be on fire this morning, for the awfulest bells kept ringing. I jumped out of bed and landed in the middle of the floor, while Pauline lay there laughing at me. She didn't start to dress until five minutes before seven.

4:00 p. m.—I've registered and of all of the complicated things! Every faculty member I came up against wanted me to take everything but what I wanted to, and I usually couldn't take them because there were conflicts. I still have one, and I'm sure I don't know what to do.

Wednesday, 11:00 a. m.

Our first chapel is over. Dr. Harker, the president, gave a very nice talk, that made me feel as if I might amount to something sometime, after all. And I have signed up for two classes, French and mathematics, so far. Such a time as I had finding those class rooms. Of course they had to be at opposite ends of the building. One of the old girls piloted me to the math. room after I had been wandering around on the basement corridor. I'm beginning to get straightened out now, though.

Thursday, 3:00 p. m.

I have another roommate. Pauline said she wanted a girl with more get-up to her; that I was too good. I certainly was never accused of that before. Seems queer I had to come to college to find it out. My roommate now is Ruth Bartlett, another new girl. We have been having lots of fun fixing up our room, and have it almost



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finished now. Oh, and I've discovered that the girl I came with, the first day, is only a sophomore.

Friday.

I got along fine in French this morning because I had a cold. During chapel we were invited to the Y. W. C. A. party for the new girls, tomorrow night.

Sunday evening.

I had a lovely time at the party last night. The girls all looked so pretty and I found out who lots of them were that I didn't know before. Went to church this morning, and this afternoon to the first Y. W. C. A. service. The president and several of the girls gave such nice talks, but I'm not sure I want to join. You probably have to be awfully serious. I wrote home to mother this afternoon that I'm just dying for her to come and see me. It seems ages since I left home.

Tuesday night.

Yesterday was our holiday and we were as busy doing nothing special that I didn't have time to write in my diary. Today I have had eight hours of laboratory and my head aches so that I can't do any thing else. I wish mother would come.

Friday.

We are having the most exciting time. The upper class girls, that is, the juniors and seniors, are giving a camping trip next week and they have room for three sophomores. So the three girls who have the most votes as "the prettiest, the wittiest, and the one best loved" will get to go. The sophomores have been parading around all morning in white dresses and red ties, soliciting votes. At lunch today they had tables all to themselves, and kept singing the craziest songs. It was awfully jolly, though. Then toward the last, when they began to sing something else, there was a commotion, and several girls stood up. I didn't know what it was for, but everyone else was doing it, so I did, too. Then someone told me



that it was the college song, and we always stand to sing it.

This evening, at dinner, three sophomores came in late, dressed as the prettiest, the wittiest, and the best loved. I'm going to vote for the one who was dressed up in the clown suit, for she seems to be the wittiest one here. I heard one girl say that it was a pity they didn't know how to spell Mantanzas, when they put it on their banner.

I can hardly wait for the college sing tomorrow night, when we will know who gets to go.

One thing I've noticed, too. The girls who have been jolliest today are some of the leaders in Y. W. I guess I will join.

I wrote to mother this afternoon that she needn't be in a hurry about coming to see me, after all, but I wish she would send be a big box of eats.

Oct. 10—The girls who went to Matanzas last Saturday came back Monday and they've been talking nothing but Matanzas ever since. I haven't heard yet of anything really exciting that happened up there, but they surely had a good time. I believe I will try to be a popular Sophomore next year, and maybe I will get to go, too, for in spite of all the picnics and parties we have had, it seems to be the thing of the year. L. H. '15.



ROLAND G. USHER'S PAN-GERMANISM.

One of the most interesting books in the library right now is Roland G. Usher's Pan-Germanism, which was published in February, 1912, almost two years ago. Professor Usher has so thorough an understanding of the world movements of the past, so comprehensive a view of every nation's movements and intentions, past and present, that he is able, with unerring judgment, to assort and adjust, with the result that he presents to the fascinated gaze of the reader a panorama of the world, moving directly to the present crisis—and beyond. Where,



we wonder, does he get his knowledge of the fundamental facts?

There is an article in the October Atlantic Monthly on "The Main Cause of the War," which he sent from Europe six days before Europe declared war.



Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

In the past month we have had some splendid meetings. The trip through the "Ghetto" gave a splendid insight into the work to be done in our Mission Schools. The special music has been excellent and we appreciate the way the new girls respond.

Saturday night, Oct. 18, the Y. W. C. A. carnival was given. It was a real gala occasion. Everyone came to dinner costumed and ready for some fun. Every type was represented, from the German wiener man down to the little boy in overalls. The first entertainment was a vaudeville show. "The Arcadian Tragedy" made a good beginning. "The Old Maids of Lee" were very clever and handsome, too. "The Sleeping Beauty," given by the Academy, was effective and the costumes worn by the ladies were very beautiful. "The Strong Man." made a hit by the skill evinced in climbing furniture. The "Die Company" was the specialty of the evening. Such wonderful speaking, singing and playing could be found in Germany alone and the carnival surely brought us this one pleasure at least. The friends who came to meet Mr. Alfalfa Hayseed when he called were good imitators. The amateur performance ranked well with the professionals. Mary and her Little Lamb sang some beautiful ballads. The Wiener Family have a splendid way of carrying on their business, bringing them success however the wheel of fortune may turn. An unusual amount of laughter was caused by the Crying Baby and the touching way in which the "Mocking Bird" was rendered by the Humaphone. During the intermission,



tickets were sold for a drawing at the country store. Very valuable premiums were received, such as red pepper, chocolates, cinnamon sticks and all sorts of other good edibles donated by the merchants of Jacksonville. About nine o'clock the circus goers went to see the pike. The wonderful fortune teller, shooting gallery and crispette boy drew the people irresistibly. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" proved very fascinating, in spite of the blood-curdling sounds issuing from the door. "The Ride for Life" and the Midgets attracted great throngs. The more intellectual ones visited the Psychological Experts and learned the latest views on that subject. The Tango Ladies were very beautifully gowned and walked about with much grace. The lemonade, hamburger and stick candy were refreshing and caused the guests to part with their money readily. The Y. W. C. A. highly appreciates the support given and feels that a splendid year is before it.

The service Sunday, Oct. 19, on "Our Missions," with its notes from Geneva, was well worth while. We surely see the aim of the Association more clearly, that is, bringing about the brotherhood of man. The systematic giving pledges were taken after the talk, when over \$120 were pledged, nearly doubling last year's amount. Sixty dollars of this goes toward the support of a secretary in China and twenty dollars pays the scholarship of a Japanese girl in a school in Aoyama, a district of Tokyo, Japan. Letters are received at intervals from Fumi, our own little Japanese schoolgirl.

Another line of work which the Association has been the means of bringing about is the Bible classes held in the Sunday schools. "Student Standards" is the subject of the interesting little book which the classes are using as a text, a subject which is of vital interest to every earnest college student. Mrs. R. A. Gates and Miss Hull have the classes at Grace and Centenary churches respectively. At each church a fine sized class has been organized.



On Nov. 1 Miss Olmsted, the city visiting nurse, talked to the Association of the practical service which can be and is being done here in Jacksonville. She told us of the Morgan County Tubercular Clinic, her own work as visiting nurse, and the free open air school which is to be established. It is hoped that some of our own girls can be of service in connection with this work. On November 2 a benefit concert is to be given by some of our faculty and others in behalf of the city work.

The Y. W. C. A. has been coming before the public eye in many ways recently. Thursday evening, Oct. 22, the college girls were invited to the Society Halls and the Academy girls to the reception room, where tea and wafers were served by the leaders of the Mission study classes for the following winter. The classes and leaders are: "The Young Working Girl," Miss Robinson; "Women of Five Nations," Ola Wendel; "Immigrant Forces," Alice Tombaugh; "Country Life," Barbara Weber and Helena Munson, and "Moslem Africa," Esther Fowler.

A large volume, "Students and Worldwide Expansion of Christianity," a report of the Kansas City convention, 1914, of the Student Volunteer Movement, is in the library. It is full of interesting and up-to-date problems and may be a great help to the girls in their work.

FOUNDERS' DAY.

On the program of Founders' Day before me is a picture of that first building, which was completed in 1851. Those stately pillars are surely a symbol of a noble beginning. It is hard for us who are students today to imagine what those years meant, but the more we come to know about them, the more we reverence the founders of our College.

Because we love our College and are eager to know more of its noble foundations, Founders' Day is dear to us. Sixty-eight long years, but rather short years for col-



The College Greetings



lege years are always short, stretch back of us. During this time many strong men have given their support to bringing about the materialization of a wonderful vision. On Thursday, Oct. 15, especial respect was paid to Archibald Clark Wadsworth, whose signature, as president of the board of trustees, is upon more than half of the total number of diplomas given in the history of the school. His picture was presented by Dr. T. J. Pitner, with words of appreciation of his service. An organ voluntary by Director Henry V. Stearns, a violin solo by Mrs. Day and a vocal duet by Miss Miller and Mrs. Hartmann increased the beauty of the service.

In a short talk Dr. Harker pictured to us in a vivid way the College as it is to be, and told what equipment and endowment will be necessary to bring about such an ambition. The interesting address of the morning was made by Hon. Richard Yates, one of the trustees of the school. At the close of the service Dr. Harker read to us the quaint little diploma written in Latin which had been presented to Margaret Morrison on the very first Commencement day and is now given to us by her daughter, Miss Alice Turley, a member of the class of 1877.



SENIORS.

The Senior Class is glad to have Miss Mary Anderson to continue as class officer. The following officers were elected at a recent business meeting: President, Winifred Burmeister; vice president, Helen Dinsmore; secretary and treasurer, Lucile Reinbach.

With the dignity which caps and gowns always give, the Seniors made their formal appearance in Chapel Thursday morning, Oct. 22. The processional was led by the Faculty, followed by the Seniors, who were escorted by the Sophomores. A special service consisted of the College song, the Class hymn, a vocal solo by Miss Miller and a short talk by Dr. Harker, closing with a recessional.



JUNIORS.

The Junior Class has organized with Miss Jennie Anderson, class officer of our Freshman year, as our class officer again. We welcome her back to our class.

Election results were:

Edna Robb, president.

Wilma Cox, vice-president.

May Bigger, secretary and treasurer.

The Juniors stirred up the Freshmen in a lively way on Monday evening, Oct. 19, when they entertained them at a "wake up" party in the Society Halls. During the general "mix up" dates were made for the "talk up" which followed. In the "sing up," the Juniors sang some of their new class songs and gave a fine demonstration of Junior pep. The classes were then very delightfully entertained in the "speak up" by readings given by Alma Harmel and Corinne Hughes. During the time allotted for the "eat up" light refreshments were served and a charming evening was brought to a close by the "let up."



SOPHOMORE NOTES.

The Sophomores are still here this month with their "pep," and will be all the rest of the month, too. We are very glad to welcome Miss McLaughlin as our class officer. We know that we will be livelier than ever, for surely she has "lots of pep" stored away with the rest of those explosives.

At a recent meeting the following officers were elected:

President—Mary Harrison.

Vice president—Johanna Onken.

Secretary—Genevieve Dague.

Treasurer—Pauline Hermann.

Representative on Athletic Staff—Wilma Miller.

We started our share in athletics by challenging the Freshmen to a "hare and hound chase," but rain pre-



vented our going. We are hoping for a bright Monday soon, when we may lead them a merry chase.



FRESHMAN.

The Freshmen as yet have no organization. They enthusiastically welcome Miss Hull as their class officer and look forward to a year in which the college will know that it has a Freshman class which does things. They have already given an evidence of their "pep" in the picnic which they held at Gravel Springs. Two hayrack loads of jolly laughing girls found the beauties of the woods in the Autumn on the jaunt.



THETA SIGMA.

The following officers have been elected to fill vacancies: Critic, Helen McGhee; Chorister, May Bigger; Summoner, Alta Marie Miller; Chaplain, Alice Birch; Page, Gretchen Franken.

Word has lately been received from our last year's Seniors. Geneva Upp has been elected superintendent of the city playgrounds of La Kota, North Dakota, and Clara Kelly is having splendid success in her teaching at Frederickstown, Missouri.

Johnsie Rowland is teaching music and art in the public schools of Olney, Ill.



LAMBDA MU.

At our last meeting, Helen DeWitt was elected as our vice-president, to fill the vacancy left by Naomi Davis. Dorothy Pinkston takes Miss DeWitt's place as usher.

On the evening of the twelfth the girls of the Society met for an informal party in the hall. We especially enjoyed exchanging news of our former members. Letters from various points on the coast tell us that Eloise Williams is making a very extended tour of the west.



The College Greetings



BELLES LETTRES.

The day was bright,
The people few,
When down the street
Some vagabonds flew.

With bright red turbans, sticks over our shoulders with suspicious-looking bundles dangling from the end, a shiny butcher knife and a string of tin cups, we started out from I. W. C. "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way." Down the street, up shady lanes and dusty roads, across fields, over fences and up the railroad track we tramped until we came to an inviting-looking grove on a hill. Here we decided to build our fire. Buns, fried eggs and bacon never tasted so good before, especially "topped off" with sure enough peaches and cream. The vagabond party was carried out in a vagabond program the following Tuesday. "Experiences With Vagabonds," "How I Became a Wanderer," "The Time, the Place, the Tramp," a poem, and the "Dagos" certainly showed experience in such lines.

The next week a program on "October Leaves" was given. All sorts of leaves were represented—Autumn leaves, a leave of absence, and even leaving Europe and Lake Matanzas. Miss Florence Taylor gave an interesting talk on her experiences in Europe last summer.

During the last month we had two of our old members back with us, Hallie Clem and Marjorie Becker.



PHI NU.

For our work this year a course in the American Novel, beginning with Poe, has been arranged and promises interesting and profitable programs.

The annual Phi Nu banquet will be held, as usual, at Colonial Inn on November 28.

On the third Thursday of each month, at 4:15, a "cozy" will be held in the hall. Town and out of town alumnae will be especially welcome.



ART NOTES.

Sarah May was the fortunate winner of five prizes at the recent Western Montana State Fair. The prizes were awarded to some water color studies and china done in the studio last year.

"Have you a vacant hour this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Then won't you come up to the studio and pose for the sketch class?"

At this the girl who has had this sudden and unexpected question thrust at her, blushes and looks horrified at the idea. Visions of sitting still for a whole hour, and real artists gazing at her, whirl through her head, and she tries to make all manner of excuses. But with a little persuasion she promises to come, and the girls are delighted with their model.

The Sketch class is proving very interesting this year. Last month Mary Fowler, Julius Stucky, Mildred Barton, Beulah Erixson, Helen Mathis, Sarah May, Helena Munson and Helen Harper posed for the Friday afternoon classes.

D. S. Stevens.

EXPRESSION NOTES.

There is a program given by the Literary Analysis class on Friday and Saturday mornings at 10:30. Anyone interested is especially invited to attend these classes and is welcome to any of the other classes.

Miss Gleckler, director of the department, gave a very entertaining program at Astoria Wednesday evening, Oct. 14.

THE COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The College of Music is looking forward to a very prosperous year, with a large enrollment and an enthusiastic faculty. A number of last year's faculty are still



connected with the school and the new members are rapidly getting adjusted to their duties.

Among the most important additions to the faculty is Mrs. Rosalind M. Day, instructor in violin. Mrs. Day has had the advantage of wide experience as a teacher, and instruction under the best masters on this side of the ocean, as well as some of the greatest teachers of violin that Europe boasts, including among them Cesar Thompson, the Belgian teacher, and Leopold von Auer, of Petrograd, the teacher of Mischa Elman and Zimbalist. An orchestra has been formed under Mr. Stearns' direction which already numbers over twenty ambitious performers. They are hard at work on a program which they hope to give before long.

Arrangements have been completed for the purchase of a Victrola, which will be used extensively in lecture work. Negotiations are under way which will lead, it is hoped, to the formation of a mandolin and guitar orchestra, and in a short time the Madrigal Club and a large chorus, to include any in the school and College who may wish to join, will be organized. The College of Music was well represented on Founders' Day with organ solos by Mr. Stearns, a violin solo by Mrs. Day and a duet by Miss Miller and Mrs. Hartmann. In the very near future the Artists' course, the Faculty recitals and the Sunday afternoon Vesper concerts will begin.



INDIANA CLUB.

Did some one say Indiana Club? Well, I guess yes, and before the year is over you will sit up and take notice of these fine representatives from Indiana. You will marvel at their support of every organization in the College and their interest in each other.

Our officers are as follows: Mary Harrison, president; Edna Babcock, vice-president; Grace Heller, secretary; Pauline Herrmann, treasurer; Helen Uhl, reporter.



With our twenty-eight members to boost, the Hoosier Club is bound to do things.

We had planned a picnic for Saturday, October 10, but disagreeable weather prevented our going. All we need is a little external sunshine. We have plenty internally.



THE EGYPTIAN CLUB.

The idea of forming a club of the girls who live in that part of Illinois commonly known as Egypt has been suggested and met with enthusiasm. Announcement of a meeting for organization will be made soon, and it is hoped that every "Egyptian" will show her loyalty and "pep" by giving this movement her hearty support.



THE COLLEGE SING.

On the night of Sept. 26, the third big college Sing came off in a blaze of triumph. The week preceding the event was an exciting one for all concerned—for the old girls preparing the exquisite lyrics to be rendered—and for the new uninitiated ones who occasionally overheard such a remark as "green blood" or "It certainly is foxy." After dinner the entire student body congregated in two society halls thrown together for the evening. Before people were fairly in their seats the irrepressible sophomores—that doughty class of whom you may read further in this number of the Greetings—burst upon the scene in a peppery song seasoned with ginger. At any rate it served to warm folks up and make them want to "lift up their voices and burst into song." After the opening number "We're Coming," they were all given a chance to vocalize on "U-Rah-Rah," and everyone joined in. No one could beg off because they didn't know the words, for we installed this night our new song book, compiled and written by ourselves. It contains just the old songs that are prime favorites and several new songs lately written. In addition to these good points, we had a number of



blank pages put in on which to record such songs as our students may be inspired to write for various occasions. It really is an indispensable little gray book and they sold like fresh crispettes.

If the French language was composed entirely of nasals we should all be most proficient, as our rendering of "The Typical Tune of Jacksonville" indicated. As we look back on that ballad, was it not melodious? Without the mel—perhaps. Another feature song was called "A Freshman Tragedy" sung gustily by seniors, juniors and sophomores. The poor freshies quaked in their shoes the rest of the evening. There was also an "Elegy on the Faculty" which we are sure must have been appreciated. This Sing, the second Saturday night after the opening of college, is one of the star events—in fact it is "one of the best things we do." How do we do it? To borrow the senior chant:

"We do it all by proxy, by proxy, by proxy—
We let the sophs and freshmen represent us don't you
see,
We think that it is foxy, it certainly is foxy,
The other people do the work—
But the credit comes to me."



ALUMNAE NOTES.

Zola Stum visited with friends at I. W. C. on the 23rd and 24th of September.

Mrs. Nina Turner Green, who was a graduate of the '09 class, also visited I. W. C. in the past month.

Mrs. Annette Rearick Lohman is the proud mother of a baby girl. Mrs. Lohman graduated in 1912.

Sunday morning Dr. Harker received word from his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Harker Riddell, that he had another grandson, Richard Roulfe.



The College Greetings



An item overlooked last month was the marriage of Helen Ryan to Sterry Long on Aug. 4. They are now living at Parma, Idaho.

Ella Newman, a graduate of the Domestic Science department, is now head of the department in Jacksonville. We all wish Miss Newman success for the coming year.

Bess Brecken is at her home in Jacksonville again this fall.



WHAT ABOUT THE ANNUAL?

From other college papers we see that other schools have their annual boards appointed and at work. Where is ours? What are the Juniors going to do about an annual? During these early weeks and months of school much is happening which is not being made use of in the should-be ever ready note-books of the annual editors. The Juniors better get busy if they are alive to the situation.

Last year the Annual proved a profitable undertaking, not only in a financial way, but to the student body, as a book of extreme interest. It was received with such enthusiasm that there should be no hesitancy about the success of one for this year. The Seniors and Sophomores and even some of the Freshmen are already clamoring for one. A rumor is abroad to the effect that if the Juniors don't give us one, the Sophomores are standing ready to take the matter into their hands and push it with their renowned vigor. Will you allow this, Juniors?



HIKE CLUBS.

During the last month five hike clubs were formed, one of which is made up of faculty members. Most of the girls have been put on one of the clubs. We may well be proud of the fact that through these clubs we, as College women, come to be able to walk long distances with-



The College Greetings



out fatigue. Not only as physical exercise is walking a pleasure, but in this way as in no other we may learn the beauties of the out of doors.



EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges this month have not been very numerous, but it has been interesting to note how other schools have been "buckling down to business," too.

The Illinois Wesleyan Argus has some interesting accounts of experiences in the war zone.

The Hedding Graphic might be improved by a story or two. College activities seem to take up all the space.

The Quassui Quarterly was the object of a great deal of interest. We need to come in touch with the work done in other lands in order to realize how high a standard they hold.



MUST ATTEND CHAPEL.

Brown University, Providence, R. I., will return this fall to the plan of a strictly enforced daily chapel attendance. Attendance at the daily college religious service has for some time been voluntary at this institution, chiefly in consideration for the Roman Catholic and Jewish students who are found at the university in large numbers. The results have been unfavorable, and as the chapel services are undenominational, all students will henceforth be required to attend. A new department for religious education has been established at Brown and the authorities are planning in a very definite way to promote the spiritual life of the student body and the faculty.

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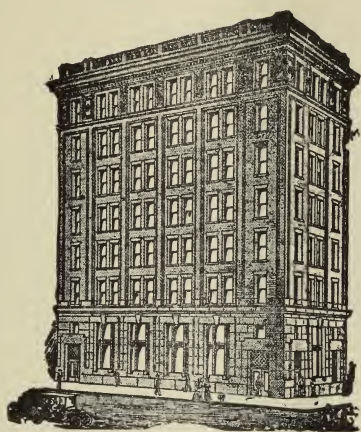
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W. G. Goebel, Asst. Cashier
H. K. Chenoweth, Asst. Cashier

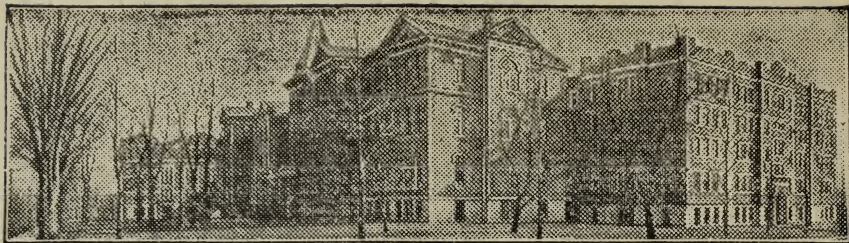
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Music Hall
Erected 1906

Main Building
Erected 1850

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